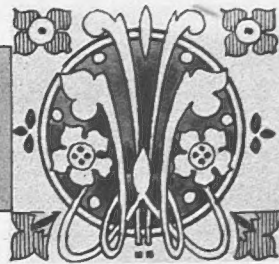




# THE SKETCH



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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



IN THE BED WITH A THOUSAND EYES: LORNA AND TOOTS POUNDS, OF THE LONDON PALLADIUM.

Lorna and Toots Pounds are appearing in the London Palladium Pantomime, "Aladdin," as Wishee-Washee and Princess Zobeide, where they can claim a good deal of the credit for the all-round charm and excellence of the show. Our photograph shows them in Chinese robes seated in the wonderful "Bed with a Thousand Eyes" which has recently come into their possession. It was smuggled out of China

after the Boxer risings, and was eventually exchanged for a brass bedstead and an "off" coloured diamond. The bed is a remarkable example of Chinese carving, and is called "The Bed with a Thousand Eyes" because it boasts 501 Chinese figures in its carving—a total which added up to 1002 eyes till two of them had their eyes taken out and replaced by one in the centre of the forehead—to make the number right!

Photograph by Campbell Gray.



# Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

## The Charm of Old Age.

I never met the late Sir John Hare. I had a great admiration for him as an actor, and also for the way he conducted, so to speak, his public life. He lent dignity to the stage, and the stage, if for that reason only, will miss him. One need not labour this point. Everybody who loves the theatre, with that inborn love which must involve much sadness and disappointment, will know what I mean. They will know, for example, why Sir John Hare was King Edward's favourite actor.

Sir John Hare was the embodiment of dignified old age. Post-war folk are apt to overlook the fact that old age can be very charming and dignified. You hear of old people that they are a bore, and intolerably conceited. This, unfortunately, is often too true. Intolerable conceit, like other intolerable things, is always a bore. And the conceit of old age is so much more of a bore than the conceit of youth. You can snub the conceit of youth; you can kick it and chaff it out of existence. The conceit of old age cannot be kicked and chaffed. It must be borne in silence, out of respect to white and scanty locks.

Sir John Hare was a model of old age, as I say. He knew that the mere acquirement of years did not render a man infallible. One felt all that about him, although one never met him save across the footlights.

## Hare in "Quex."

In my humble opinion, the best thing John Hare ever did was Quex in Sir Arthur Pinero's play, "The Gay Lord Quex." I saw him in "A Pair of Spectacles," and in "Caste," and in many other parts; but Quex was a magnificent piece of work. I don't know whether the part was written for him or not. Probably it was, for Sir Arthur Pinero can fit actors and actresses so amazingly that they invariably make the hit of their lives in his plays. Not that the public know anything of that. The public still believe that the actors and actresses invent their lines as they "go along," and that the movements on the stage are spontaneous, subject to alteration with each performance. That is why all actors are heroes, all actresses heroines, and all authors unnecessary nuisances—after the final dress-rehearsal. (To which the best answer is for authors to do their own acting, which is another branch of the same subject.)

Theatrically, the big scene in "Quex," I suppose, was the most successful thing Sir Arthur Pinero ever did. I hope I shall never

forget the "Félix Poubelle, Carte d'Or" scene, and the delicious humour of Sir John Hare in the delicious line given him by the author, when the Duchess tries so hard, poor thing, to revive old memories. Romance is dead, but the palate lives. "Wonderful wine—really exceptional!" was that great line. They knew how to do it.

## A Plethora of Topics.

People often say to me, "How do you find subjects to write about every week?" It never seems to occur to them that a thousand million people are daily doing a thousand million things which are recorded in a thousand newspapers. I will tell you, quite frankly, how I find subjects to write about. I take up a newspaper, and glance at the first topic that meets my eye. Here we are: "COUNTRY SWEEP BY GREAT GALE: EAST GOODWINS LIGHTSHIP

of lighthouse, and no lighthouse-keeper expects to find himself travelling up Channel.

Anyway, come what may in 1922, I shall never apply for a berth on a lightship.

## Films.

I turn the leaf, and I find an article, written by an expert, on films. Being much interested in films, and the development of this new world of entertainment, I read the article. Before I am half-way through I want to write a couple of columns or so in reply. For I come across this exciting statement: "It is not the ordinary that draws, but the extraordinary."

If ever a dictum needed flat, immediate contradiction, that one does. If the film people rely wholly on the extraordinary, so much the worse for them and for the public. Just think of it! Every day, every hour of the day, in all countries of the world, the public are to sit in silence and darkness, gazing not on beauty, not on truth, not on human nature, not on the interpretation of life, not on historical romances, not on the revelation of the eternal marvel of the commonplace, but on lions with five legs devouring red-headed camels, or church spires bending down to shake pinnacles with the shafts of the Lord Mayor's coach!

Those are extraordinary things; the extraordinary things are the things that draw; so those are the things that draw! And this is the third greatest industry in the vast continent of America!

The gentleman is wrong, of course. It is human nature that draws, and ordinary human nature at that!



THE NEW ZUMMURUD AND THE SULTAN IN "CAIRO": MISS WINNIE MELVILLE AND MR. SHAYLE GARDNER.

Miss Winnie Melville now plays the part of Zummurud in "Cairo," at His Majesty's. Our photograph shows her with the Sultan al-Malik al Nasir, played by Mr. Shayle Gardner. Photograph by Maull and Fox.

DRAGS ANCHORS." Then follows a description of the East Goodwin Sand Lightship being torn from her moorings, and dragging her heavy anchors, and cables, while huge seas sweep her decks.

"Well," you reply; "but there's nothing funny about that!"

Who said there was? Must a man be always funny because he is clad in motley? Certainly not, but he can be always human, and to me there is something intensely human and appealing about a lightship, of all ships, being torn from her moorings. If the lightship itself cannot withstand the gale, how are other ships, which depend upon her for safety, to escape? Besides, a lightship, I take it, is not navigable. She would not be prepared for that sort of thing. She is a sort

and at least ten other topics marked with my pencil. And yet they ask me, and will probably continue to ask me, how I find subjects to write about. There is no dearth of subjects, and never will be so long as human activities keep the old world alive.

Did you read that no less than one hundred volumes of law books were put into Braille in order that one blinded soldier might qualify himself for the Bar? And that he had so qualified himself, and had been called to the Bar? Have you ever seen a volume in Braille? Noted the size of it? Marked the delicacy and accuracy of all those innumerable pimples on the pages? A hundred volumes of such work as that! Is there no text for a human paragraph here? Well, well!

## My Wee Corner.

Two pages of one evening paper,

## OUR £100 COMPETITION.

Owing to the very large number of competitors, we regret that we are unable to announce the winner's name in this issue.

The Editor is now judging, and we hope to print the result next week.



## A Charming Bride-To-Be.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. SIMON RODNEY: MISS SADIE HAMAR GREENWOOD.

Miss Gladys (Sadie) Hamar Greenwood is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Hamar Greenwood, of Spencer House, Whitby, Canada, and the sister of Sir Hamar Greenwood, Bt., K.C., M.P. Her engagement to

the Hon. Simon Rodney, third son of Corisande Lady Rodney, and brother of the present Lord Rodney, is announced. Mr. Rodney, who was born in 1895, was in the Grenadiers.—[*Photograph by Bertram Park.*]

# The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

PASSING through London from one country visit on my way to another last week was like landing on a mid-Atlantic island and meeting muffled travellers who, like oneself, were too hurried to talk coherently of the wonders of the world.

**A Bride-to-Be.** One of my diversions was a party that included Miss Phyllis Boyd and her fiancé, the Vicomte Henri de Janzé. The invitations are out



1. Angela and the others have all arrived in Switzerland for the winter sports. Unhappily, none of them is really happy upon skis. Kitten spends pounds upon professional instruction.

for their wedding at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, on Jan. 17 at two o'clock. Captain and Lady Lilian Boyd are holding no reception afterwards, however, and I hear the young couple will leave immediately for Paris. The bride-elect is a very attractive girl, and most artistic in appearance with her dark hair, marble-white complexion, and very red lips. She is one of the young generation of "Souls," and is a great friend of Lady Diana Cooper and of Mrs. Lionel Tennyson. She is also herself no mean artist, and her interior decorations are very charming indeed (of the Slade School); and, if I remember rightly, Sir John Lavery has depicted her in one of his celebrated portraits of Lady Diana Cooper—namely, "The Convalescent," where Lady Diana is reclining in bed; Lady Lavery is sitting in a chair on one side of her; and Miss Boyd is seated at the foot of the bed in profile. I am sure she will make a lovely bride on the seventeenth.

**A Royal Betrothal?** And, talking of brides, it is rumoured very freely that one of the greatest heiresses in England is about to announce her engagement to a member of the Royal Family. Not one of the King's sons, however. So we shall be getting quite used to meeting Royalty unceremoniously in country-house parties. But I am not at all sure it is true—the persistent rumour that the Prince of Wales is to announce his Royal betrothal as soon as he returns in the spring. His Royal

Highness is much too important for that kind of gossip not to germinate and grow at more or less regular intervals.

But no one wants him to hurry. Indeed, there is something infinitely precious in the knowledge that he is still the "Boy Prince," in love with life, *with all life*, from one corner of the Empire to another. And the Empire will be deeply concerned in the choice of England's future Queen. It is absurd of the gossips to tittle-tattle as though they knew more than the intimate friends of Majesty. And I have it direct from a great courtier that his Royal Highness has not yet contemplated the courageous and conclusive step. Even in these democratic days it is unlikely that he would be allowed by the British Constitution to marry a commoner, and it is hoped that, if England's future Queen is not of Royal blood, she will at least be the daughter of an English Duke or Marquess of ancient lineage. This, however, might be conveniently adapted to suit the wish of his Royal Highness by elevating the father of a suitable English bride to the most exalted rank in the British Peerage.

Which reminds me that I hear that Lord Lascelles will most probably be created a Duke after he has succeeded to his father's present titles.

**In a Hunting Country.** Lord and Lady Wimborne are still at Ashby St. Ledgers, their beautiful place near Rugby.

Now that Lord Wimborne is out of politics he seems to have grown most fond of hunting. All through January I hear of jolly little parties they are giving to their more sporting friends who follow the Atherstone or Pytchley Hounds. The season has been remarkably free from hard frosts, and the fields are not uncomfortably crowded, and people are mounted once more on the type of thoroughbred that used to make that country so famous in pre-war days.

**A Soldier Sportsman.** Lord and Lady Horne and their daughter, Kate, are enthusiastic followers of the Pytchley, though the popular General is obliged to be in London a great deal, and says he will be worked harder than ever when (and if) the troops begin returning from Ireland.

The Eastern Command, with its Headquarters in London, is, of course, one of the most important in the Empire, and certainly the most interesting from the point of view of a General who also has a seat in the House of Lords, and therefore a say in the future destiny of the Army.

I saw him deeply thoughtful during the debate on Ireland, and the other day, privately, he made some very pertinent suggestions which I *wish* he had made in the House.

If only soldiers were as brave with their language as with their lives, how much more comfortable the lot of the British officer might become. But alas! If there is an economy needed now, both Houses of Parliament yell: "*Cut down the Army.*" and the country, straight back from the Great War, where they saw civilians mount with meteoric rapidity from the rank of junior subaltern to that of colonel—the country reiterates: "What is the use of it? Civilians were trained quickly enough during the war!" The country has already forgotten the "Old Contemptibles," without whom not one single new battery or battalion could have been trained.



**To be Disbanded?** And now they talk of disbanding the 17th Lancers! Think of it! Lord Haig's own famous regiment! And two Irish regiments—the 4th Dragoon Guards and the 8th Hussars; and goodness knows how many distinguished batteries of horse and field artillery!

However! Go to any Hunt Ball you like. You will find the most cheerful men are still soldiers. Next morning the field is still led by soldiers, and their laughter is as real as their loyalty, though their tongues are no more ready than Lord Horne's to voice grievances that thus, perforce, are left to the eloquence of mere Jane the Irrepressible.

**The Lords Reform Bill.** And talking of the House of Lords, I hear that nothing is yet decided about the Lords Reform Bill. The Upper House will certainly have to be elected, but whether by the whole electorate of the country, or by a selected few representative men from each constituency, remains to be determined. And the amusing thing will be that an unrepresentative peer will have no say whatsoever in the government of his country, while his under-gardener and boot-boy might possibly have power to dethrone the monarch! But even a Labour Government couldn't keep me from power; so there is really nothing to worry about. And when



2. Aunt Babsie, as usual, tries luring the elusive young—hoping for a few free lessons.

I say me, I mean all women. We have got the country in the palms of our little velvet hands. And our united voices sing, "Long live the King, and God bless him!" and we shall use all our power to foster loyalty and patriotism and keep them lively!



### A Family Gathering.

The new Lady Stanhope had a family party at Chevening, near Sevenoaks, to welcome the New Year. She is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Sligo, and married the seventh Earl Stanhope a few months ago. Lord Stanhope was in the Grenadier Guards, and won the D.S.O. and the M.C. during the war, and towards the end of it he was made Parliamentary Secretary to the War Office.

Lady Stanhope's sister, Lady Moyra Campbell, was at Chevening with her little boy, who is already old enough to go to school. His father, who was also a gallant Guardsman, was killed early in the war, just after his son's birth.

A third sister, Lady Doreen Knatchbull, and her husband (who is the eldest son and heir of Lord Brabourne) live also in Kent—at Mersham Hatch, near Ashford. But as Captain Knatchbull is now working in the City, they are in London a great deal.

### A Gathering at Manderston.

Another party for the New year was that given by Lady Miller of Manderston, near Berwick for her several young nieces and her nephew, Mr. "Dick" Curzon, who is the son of the late Mr. Alfred Curzon, and the nephew and heir of Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

Lady Alexandra Curzon, who is not quite grown up, but was home from Paris for the Christmas holidays, put up her hair for the first time and wore her first "grown-up" dress. She is very pretty indeed—tall, slight, and extremely graceful and dainty.

She comes out for good in April, when she will be eighteen, and is to be presented by her step-mother, Lady Curzon of Kedleston. She is a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra, and her other god-mother is Mme. Balsan, who was, before her second marriage, Consuelo Duchess of Marlborough.

### Polo-Players.

Mr. Hugh Scott-Robson, the famous international polo-player of the last generation, has returned to Argentina, very much to the distress of his friends, who had hoped to keep him here to watch the progress of his son, Captain Noel Scott-Robson, who promises to play a very fine game indeed. He is in the Scots Greys, and has recently returned from Egypt—a home-coming mingled with deep sorrow and the greatest of all joys. His mother, who was a beautiful woman and most popular in London, died a few weeks ago; and he is about to be married to the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Guthrie, a niece of Lady Rodd, Mrs. Dennison, General Sir Cecil Bingham, and Mrs. Stuart-Wortley.

Another polo-player now in London is Captain Turnor, of the 17th Lancers. His regiment is supposed to be going to Tidworth (if it is not disbanded!), and the famous 10th Hussars are returning to Canterbury, where they made many friends before they went to Ireland, in spite of the fact that "the Tenth don't dance"—certainly a handicap to hostesses during Canterbury Week.

### The York County Ball.

A country letter tells me of the York County Ball on the 3rd, where Lord and Lady Chesterfield were on the reception committee, and Lady Marjorie Beckett, Lord and Lady Mowbray and Stourton, Lord and Lady Holden, Lady Deramore, Lord and Lady Grimthorpe and several others.

The Assembly Rooms were beautifully decorated, and among innumerable others were Lady Vivian and her daughter, Lord and Lady Carlisle, Lady Mountgarret, and numerous members of the Pease family, the Chalonsers, Colonel and Lady Evelyn Collins, General Sir Ivor and Lady Maxse,

Mrs. Lycett Green, and Captain and Mrs. Guy Wilson.

Captain Arthur Anderson, the Hon. Secretary, deserves the highest congratulations, and



3. But Angela's method is far, far better (and cheaper also). She simply staggers incompetently forth on skis, and everyone flies to her assistance.

his hard work was crowned with unparalleled success.

### The Pytchley Hunt Ball.

"Quite one of the jolliest shows we have had for ages" was the general opinion registered about the Pytchley Hunt Ball on Thursday last. The Master, Lord Erskine of Mar; General Lord Horne and Lady Horne, were among the early arrivals.



4. Even Mrs. Bromleigh-Brown, with whom she had such an unfortunate scene at the Custom House, cannot resist the temptation of teaching her.

Miss Kate Horne, radiant in pale mauve, was one of the prettiest dancers in the room, and I admired Mrs. Masham very much. She looked like a yellow butterfly, and wore an

original head-dress composed of ostrich-feather tips. Mr. and Lady Marion Keith Cameron came rather late, so did Lord Eltham and Sir Mervyn and Lady Mannering Buller.

The hall was thronged during the early part of the evening, but dancing was possible later on, when the excellent supper called some people from the ball-room, and we managed to profit by the excellent band. Mrs. Arthur Stock looked particularly beautiful. Lord and Lady Glerawly came with Captain de Mobray Bellairs, Lady Glerawly in gold-and-white brocade with a long string of pearls. The Town Hall looked brilliant with its decorations of Hunt colours; and large baskets of hot-house flowers were also used to adorn it.

### Hunting News.

I know that I am trespassing on the hunting page preserves, but having just been in the Shires I feel I must retail my news from Melton. The other Friday, in spite of the hurricane blowing, the Quorn had a good hunt in the morning over a nice line of country. There was a good deal of grief. Mrs. Mynors, the Melton equestrian portrait-painter, whose water-colours are so well known, had a nasty fall, and was rolled on; and Miss "Pinkie" Fenwick fell and injured her shoulder, and won't be hunting again for some weeks. She goes extremely well to hounds and also looks the part.

### They Can Do It.

Mrs. Mynors is one of the few ladies hereabouts who ride astride, and she and Miss "Lixie" Wilson, and occasionally Miss Tilney, are the women who disprove the theory that ladies cannot sit in a cross-saddle over a country.

Miss Tilney is equally good on a side-saddle, and Miss Wilson is an expert "rough-rider," and can school a young horse or ride an indifferent one as well as anyone. I hear, too, that the Belvoir had a great hunt on the Lincolnshire side, covering ten to twelve miles of country at a good pace, the other Saturday. They are certainly having a wonderful season so far—the hounds themselves hunting very well, with less show of their old characteristic independence!

### Private Views.

I really enjoyed the private view of the Degas pictures at the Leicester Galleries on Saturday—and "what a wonderful contrast in private views I shall have," I thought, as I contemplated the invitation from the President and Council of the Royal Academy of Arts to view their winter exhibition of works by recently deceased members, the same day. First the great French "Impressionist," and then the Academic! There's nothing like the "thrilling change from hot to cold," as the child's song says; "a feeling worth its weight in gold." You remember the lines occur in a rhyme on the subject of getting one's hair shampooed! I applied them to looking at pictures, but, alas! when I reached Burlington House, all I saw was a mass of motors, a crowd of be-furred women, and the backs of many men. I could not push my weary way through them, so I shall have to go another time, when I feel in a really Academic mood!

### Off Big-Game Hunting.

Sir Joseph Tichborne is the latest recruit to the band of big-game hunters, and is off to East Africa for a three months' shooting-trip. His father, the late Sir Henry Tichborne, was a great shot, so Sir Joseph is only following in his footsteps, and will, he hopes, bring some more trophies to hang among his father's fine heads. By the way, since Nairobi is quite a social spot, I hear that Sir Joseph has taken his tennis-racquet with him as well as his rifle.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

# A MIXED BAG: PICTURES AND PORTRAITS



GEORGES CARPENTIER'S DAUGHTER:  
MLLE. JACQUELINE CARPENTIER.



ENGAGED TO MR. GEOFFREY GRANT  
MORRIS: MISS DAPHNE SEDGWICK.



ENGAGED TO CAPT. S. WOODBURN  
KIRBY, M.C.: MISS C. D. OLIVER.



ENGAGED TO MR. R. B. TALBOT KELLY,  
M.C., R.F.A.: MISS JOAN LIMEBEER.



AT MONTE CARLO: LADY DE FREECE—IN VELVET  
ADORNED WITH MONKEY—AND SIR WALTER.



AT THE EGLINTON MEETING: LADY JEAN CRICHTON-STUART, LORD DUMFRIES, LADY BUTE,  
LADY MARJORIE DALRYMPLE, AND MRS. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.



AT ST. MORITZ: MISS RAVENBURG, MISS

Mr. G. Grant Morris is the Fellow and Steward of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Miss Daphne Sedgwick is the only daughter of the Professor Adam Sedgwick.—Captain W. E. Kirby is the elder son of Sir Woodburn Kirby. Miss C. D. Oliver is the only daughter of Captain P. Oliver, R.N.—Mr. R. B. Talbot Kelly is the son of Mr. R. Talbot Kelly, R.I., whose work is well known to readers of the "Illustrated London News."—The New Year Eglinton Steeplechase meeting was well attended. Lady Eglinton is the wife of the sixteenth Earl. Lord Dumfries is the eldest son of the Marquess of Bute, and Lady Jean Crichton-Stuart is his second daughter. Lady Marjorie Dalrymple is a



# FROM ST. MORITZ, CANNES, AND ELSEWHERE.



THE EGLINTON NEW YEAR STEEPLECHASE MEETING:  
LADY EGLINTON AND LIEUT.-COLONEL J. MCKIE.



ENGAGED TO SIR HOWARD  
FRANK, K.C.B.: MISS  
N. BROOKS.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR R. A. WOLFE  
MURRAY, D.S.O., M.C.:  
MISS ISMA BAXTER.



AT CANNES: MISS HELEN ORR-LEWIS (DAUGHTER OF THE VILLA VALETTA'S OWNER);  
THE RANEE OF PUDUKOTA; AND MISS M. G. ORR-LEWIS.



HON. MONICA WILSON, AND MISS ROSE.



AT EGLINTON: MRS. STUART BLACK, MRS. K. A. MACKINNON, MISS NEILSON,  
MAJOR STUART BLACK, AND CAPTAIN C. B. PURVES.

of the Earl of Stair.—Sir Howard Frank, Bt., is the head of Messrs. Frank, Knight and Rutley.—Miss Isma Baxter is the younger daughter of Mr. E. A. Baxter.—Major R. A. Wolfe Murray is the eldest son of Commander P. Wolfe Murray, R.N.—The Misses Orr-Lewis are the daughters of Sir Frederick Orr-Lewis, who owns the Villa Valetta at Cannes, where the Premier is staying for the Conference.—The Ranee of Pudukota was formerly Miss Molly Fink, of Melbourne.—The Hon. Monica Wilson, who is now at St. Moritz, is the daughter of Lord and Lady Nunburnholme.

no; Nos. 5 and 9, by C.N.; Nos. 6, 10 and 12, by S. and G.; No. 7, by Rita Martin; No. 11, by T.P.A.

# Her Grace: The Duchess of Sutherland on Skates.



A REST AFTER STRENUOUS EXERCISE: MISS HELEN EATON, MAJOR THE HON. LIONEL TENNYSON, AND THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.



WALTZING ON THE SUVRETTA RINK: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.



A GRACEFUL POSE: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AT ST. MORITZ.



BEING HELPED OFF THE RINK BY MAJOR THE HON. LIONEL TENNYSON: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are both enjoying their winter sports holiday at St. Moritz, and the Duchess is a keen skater. She is one of the most beautiful women in Society, and was before her marriage, which took place in 1912, Lady Eileen Butler. She is,

the elder daughter of the seventh Earl of Lanesborough. Major the Hon. Lionel Tennyson (who is shown elsewhere in the number together with the other interesting personalities shown on this page), is the famous cricketer.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



# Sax Rohmer's "Yellow Claw" as a Screen Thrill.



THE BUTLER CAUGHT BY THE YELLOW CLAW: SOAMES (NORMAN PAGE) IN THE OPIUM DEN.



WATCHING THE SHADOW DRAMA OF SOAMES' DEATH: THE EURASIAN GIRL (KITTY FIELDER) AND MING TOY (IRIS MACKI).



HO-PIN (KIYOSHI TAKASE) ORDERS THE EURASIAN GIRL (KITTY FIELDER) TO DANCE IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM.

"The Yellow Claw," adapted from the story by Sax Rohmer, is one of the film thrillers shown at the Stoll Picture Theatre, Kingsway, this week. It features Kitty Fielder and Norman Page, and tells a tale of strange happenings in a den of Oriental vice. Max, the French detective, goes to the Cave of the Golden Dragon, an underground haunt of the



DANCING BEFORE THE APPARENTLY DOPED DETECTIVE, MAX (HARVY BRABAN): THE EURASIAN GIRL (KITTY FIELDER).

Chinese, in order to unravel a mysterious message, "Your wife—Mr. King," sent to Henry Leroux, a novelist. The excitement is intense, and the tale of the battle between Occident and Orient ends in a query. Sax Rohmer is, of course, the author of numerous exciting novels, including "The Golden Scorpion."



SIR W. G. TAYLOR (HOLMAN CLARK) AND  
SIR A. PELHAM (ARTHUR BOURCHIER) AT  
THE STRAND.



MISS KYRLE BELLEW AS MRS. MOWBRAY  
IN "THE THING THAT MATTERS."



LADY PELHAM (LADY TREE) AND HUGH  
(MR. ARTHUR ELDRED) AT THE STRAND.



MISS NANCY PRICE IN  
"BLOOD AND SAND."

## PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS" (GLOBE).  
A first-rate Pinero-esque play by A. A. Milne. The story of a Victorian poet's fraud. Brilliantly acted by Irene Vanbrugh, Norman McKinnel, and others.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. Beautifully costumed, staged, and sung.

"A BILL OF DIVorcEMENT" (ST. MARTIN'S).

A triumph for Meggie Albanesi. A great play—presuming an Act allowing insanity to be a valid plea for divorce.

"AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).

Sir Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).

A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Miss Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.

"THE FAITHFUL HEART" (COMEDY).

The story of a love affair; a career; and an unexpected daughter, who causes the Staff Colonel, her father, to go back to the Mercantile Marine as a Captain. A most convincing play.

## CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD" (New Oxford).

The Dolly Sisters as the Babes; a number of other clever people, headed by A. W. Baskcomb; brilliant scenery, dresses, and spectacle. "THE BLUE BIRD" (King's, Hammersmith). An excellent revival. "PETER PAN" (St. James's).



MISS RENEE MAYER IN  
"ROLLING STONES."

## PLAYS EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

1. THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (PRINCE'S).

Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season; with all the favourites which have made Gilbert and Sullivan Opera a delight for so many years.

2. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC).

The un-"Welcome Stranger" provides a triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmuttery comedian, Harry Green, who is both amusing and sympathetic. Mr. George Elton also excellent.

3. "BULL-DOG DRUMMOND" (WYNDHAM'S).

Described by Sir Gerald du Maurier as a "Thick-Ear Play"—otherwise, hot-and-strong melodrama.

4. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).

Mr. Cochran's latest revue. Spectacle, songs, dances; dresses charming and daring.

5. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).

An amusing "Follyish" show, described as a Pierrotic entertainment.

6. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).

Sir J. M. Barrie's most sugary play, charmingly presented, and well acted by Fay Compton, Mary Jerrold, Hilda Trevelyan, and Leon Quartermaine.

7. "THE SLEEPING PRINCESS" (ALHAMBRA).

M. Diaghileff's company of Russian dancers at its strongest, in a charming version of the old fairy-story with Tchaikovsky's music, which has taken since 1890 to get to London.

8. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).

Musical comedy—mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson, and other clever people.

9. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS" (DALY'S).

A welcome revival, with Miss José Collins at the head of the cast.

10. "POT LUCK!" (VAUDEVILLE).

A Cabaret Show with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Hulbert excellent.

11. "BLOOD AND SAND" (NEW THEATRE).

A picturesque swagger adapted from Ibañez's novel, and with a happy domestic ending. Mr. Matheson Lang as the Matador hero—with pig-tail—Miss Lillah McCarthy as the alluring Doña Sol, Miss Florence Saunders as Rosario, Mr. W. F. Grant as El Nacional. Received with much enthusiasm and likely to allow Mr. Lang to grow a real queue, as he wishes!

## CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" (Garrick); "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" (London Hippodrome), with George Robey and Clarice Mayne; "CINDERELLA" (Lyceum); "PUSS IN BOOTS" (Margaret Morris Theatre); "ALADDIN" (London Palladium); "THE WINDMILL MAN" (Victoria Palace).

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments well worth seeing. These include "A to Z"; "Clothes and the Woman"; London's

Grand Guignol; "The Golden Moth"; "Paddy the Next Best Thing"; "Thank You, Phillips"; "The Edge o' Beyond"; "Cairo"; "She Stoops to Conquer"; "Charley's Aunt"; "The Speckled Band"; and "When Knights Were Bold." It must be added that none of these "mentions" is paid for.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd., and Hay Wrightson.



The Ski-Mozzle!



THE TEMPTATION AND THE FALL.

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

# THE HAMPSHIRE HUNT MEET AT HACKWOOD



CHATTING TO GENERAL JEFFREYS AND LADY CANTELUPE: THE MASTER, MAJOR A. C. BOVILL, D.S.O., M.C. (STANDING).



GOING THROUGH HACKWOOD



AMONG THE HOUNDS: MASTER MONROE HINDS, MASTER JOHN HINDS, MRS. ALBERT MONROE HINDS, MISS DUGGAN, AND MISS JOCELYN HINDS.



ON THE STEPS OF HACKWOOD HOUSE: MARQUESS CURZON, DUDLEY, MISS DUGGAN, AND MRS. ALBERT MONROE HINDS.

The H.H. (Hampshire Hunt) met recently at Hackwood, the beautiful residence of Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. Our photographs show Lady Curzon with some members of Lady Curzon's family who were staying at Hackwood. Mrs. Ambrose Dudley is Lady Curzon's sister-in-law; and John and Monroe Hinds are nephews. It will be remembered that Lady Curzon is the elder daughter of the Duke of Devonshire.



# DISTINGUISHED FOLK ON HORSE AND FOOT.



K: THE FIELD.



WITH MRS. AMBROSE DUDLEY AND MISS DUGGAN (LEFT):  
MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS CURZON.



CHIONESS CURZON, MAJOR BOVILL, MRS. AMBROSE  
ROE AND JOHN HINDS.



TWO KEEN SPORTSWOMEN: MISS EILEEN HOWES  
AND MRS. HOWES.

daughter of Mrs. Monroe Hinds, and was, before her marriage to Lord Curzon, Mrs. Alfred Duggan. Major A. C. Bovill, D.S.O., M.C., is the  
master of the H.H. Major-General G. D. Jeffreys, C.B., C.M.G., has been in command of the London District since 1920. His country place  
Burkham House, Alton, and in 1905 he married Viscountess Cantelupe, the widow of Lionel Viscount Cantelupe.—[Photographs by S. and G.]



"CLAUDE SHEPPERSON, the charming depicor of long-legged damsels and their graceful Society mothers, was," a friend was telling me, "a member of the same platoon as myself in one of the Volunteer Corps formed in the early months of the war to impart to middle-aged men the rudiments of military training. Frank Reynolds and Wallis Mills were also fellow-privates. I was once on cook-house 'fatigue' with Shepperson, and his method of peeling potatoes showed the artist he was. Scouting was his favourite branch of military lore, and no manoeuvres over the country round the corps headquarters at Wembley were complete without the sight of Private Shepperson far in advance of the platoon, skulking along hedgerows and crawling across exposed ground. Peace to his genial memory!"

**A Tailor's 150th Anniversary.** Hawkes, the celebrated military tailors who for over a hundred and thirty years occupied a shop in Piccadilly, the one next to Swan and Edgar's, have been celebrating their one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. No wonder, with such a vintage career, that Wellington, Wolseley, Roberts, and Kitchener were regular customers!

I believe that the original Mr. Thomas Hawkes was a godly man who refused to work on Sundays for the Prince Regent. But he was 'cute enough, having started as a journeyman saddler, to send a man to Birmingham to acquire the art of "jacking" (hardening) leather; he turned the process into use in the direction of hat-making, and ultimately caused the whole British Army to dispense with the cocked hat and take to the leather helmet instead.

Old Hawkes was succeeded by the Moseley family, and afterwards by the brothers White, and the business continued to grow in dignity and prosperity. I believe that Mr. Justice Channell, who was a Moseley, had a direct relationship with the second family that controlled the destinies of the firm.

**The Visit to Osborne.** You have only to read Mr. Lytton Strachey's book to realise that in the earlier part of Queen Victoria's reign High Officers of State, even Prime Ministers, had awkward, fatiguing, and humbling experiences to undergo. Messrs. Hawkes used to be the Prince Consort's tailors, and an unwritten entry in the firm's chronicles recounts how one of the partners, sent for to Osborne, had to go off post-haste, hurried to complete the trying journey to and across the Isle of Wight, and did his business with the Prince. And when it was all over, and he set face again for London, no member of the Royal Household thought to inquire whether he had had time for a meal. He had to seek refreshment in the first hostelry outside Osborne House.

Things began to be a little more human in King Edward's time; and nowadays—well, there is a pretty story of the Prince of Wales standing unrecognised and unattended in Hawkes's shop during a war-time crush and of being asked by a busy, excited cutter to move out of the way.

**The Old-Time Way.** There are perhaps left a few shopping customers who belong to the spacious

days of "characters" and flamboyant mannerisms. One such went into Hawkes's a short while ago, and said he wanted to see his regular cutter.

The shopman bowed, and asked: "What name, Sir?"

"My name has not changed," said the



IN THE SUN AT MONTE CARLO:  
MR. AND MRS. FITZGEORGE.

Photograph by Navello.

customer severely, walking towards his accustomed trying-on room.

The shopman was abashed. He did not feel like facing that steely eye and that peremptory manner again. But it was necessary to know the name. Another shopman went into the room where the visitor sat waiting. He pretended to be looking among



RECENT ARRIVALS AT MONTE CARLO: LADY TOWLE, SIR CHARTRES BIRON, MR. THEODORE MACKENNA AND MISS MACKENNA.

Lady Towle is the wife of Sir Francis Towle, C.B.E., the Controller of the Navy and Army Canteen Board from 1918-1920. Sir Chartres Biron is the well-known London Police Court Magistrate.—[Photograph by Navello.]

some labelled coats and other garments, and then asked politely, "Are you waiting for your cutter, Sir?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Oh, yes! What name, Sir?"

The effect of the question was the same as in the first instance. The customer said with a snap: "My name is the same as it's been for sixty-two years."

The shopman fled. It was not until three

or four cutters had been brought up and made to peep through the doorway that the visitor was identified. As soon as he was spoken to by name without being asked for it, he became affable and easy-mannered.

**"On the Side of the Angels."**

I am not a Spiritualist, but there can be no doubt that more people are discussing the subject with seriousness than ever before. I even note that Mr. George R. Sims has got well past the philanthropic stage. However, this is the point. I am told that a Spiritualists' National Union has existed for some time, and that now Spiritualists, through this body, are making an effort to obtain the same rights and privileges as are enjoyed by other religious bodies.

An appeal is being made to Members of Parliament to urge that the National Spiritualist Church and its members shall not suffer the implication or application of certain Vagrancy Acts which were drawn up many years ago, before modern Spiritualism had so many active and professing supporters as now. They tell me that there are at least half-a-million Spiritualists who possess votes. At any rate, they understand the use of attractive titles in propaganda. One of the pamphlets they have issued is called "On the Side of the Angels."

**The Double Whisky and Soda.**

In the good old days when the restaurants closed at 12.30 a.m., and the warning lights used to go down just before the hour, the wise man took care to see that no odd half-sovereign had slipped under the bill when the change was brought. Sometimes he struck a match so that he could tot up the items of the bill and see that the waiter had not given him too much change.

In these days it is wise to be watchful in a different direction. I don't say that the two cases I am going to quote are typical, but both of them refer to one first-class establishment, and they occurred to different people.

A friend of mine, after dinner and during the dancing, ordered a lemon-squash for the lady who was with him and a whisky-and-soda for himself. He asked with particular distinctness for a whisky-and-soda, not a double whisky-and-soda; but the waiter brought the whisky in a large glass, and it was a large soda. The charge was 6s. 9d.—2s. for the lemon-squash, 4s. 9d. for the whisky-and-soda. When my friend grumbled about the high price of the whisky-and-soda, the waiter replied, it was a double one.

A few nights later I went to the same establishment to join a party who were attending a big public dinner. I was too late for the dinner. I said I would go into the grill-room, get a quick meal, and afterwards join the dinner gathering. One member of the dinner party, a lady, joined me just to keep me company while I ate. She, of course, had dined, and only joined me in a bottle of wine. I had some soup, two cutlets, some potatoes and Brussels sprouts, and cheese. When I called for the bill, everything from *couvert* to the cheese was charged for twice—everything except the wine. A mistake, of course, and rectified with many apologies and the sharp correction of junior waiters! Watch your bills!



## Autographed Caricatures: Society at Mürren.



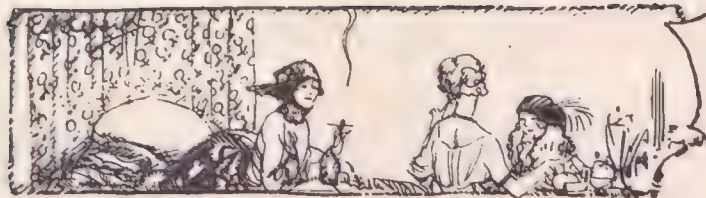
## EXPERTS AND ENTHUSIASTS: SPORTS IN SNOW AND SUN.

Dancing, ski-ing, skating, and other delights are being followed enthusiastically by many well-known people at Mürren. Our artist has not only caricatured some of Society's amusements, but has actually succeeded in inducing his victims to autograph their pictures! The

Hon. Neville Lytton is the artist-author-sportsman, brother of the Earl of Lytton, and an expert winter-sporter. Mr. Vivian Caulfeild is the famous ski-runner. The Hon. Geoffrey Hope Morley is Lord Hollenden's son, and his pretty wife is the daughter of the first Baron Burghclere.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY D'EGVILLE.





# Tales with a sting.

## SIX FOOLS: No. VI.—THE BROAD-MINDED EXPERIMENT.

By G. B. STERN.

(Author of "Children of No Man's Land," etc.)

"I 'VE come to ask you, Mrs. Chubb—" "For my daughter Diana in marriage—quite so!" Mrs. Caesar Chubb, brewer's widow, beamingly assisted the pale, slim young artist to make the conventional request. She had been expecting it for months.

"I've come to ask you for your daughter Diana, certainly, Mrs. Chubb. But not in marriage."

"W-w-what?" The good lady's astonished eyes nearly plopped on to the carpet.

"Diana and I have both come to recognise that marriage is obsolete," Graham Darrell languidly enlightened her.

Mrs. Chubb folded her hands over a crackling jet bosom, and shuddered. "This," she gasped out, "comes of letting her join one of those modern clubs!"

"It does indeed. If you had never been wise enough to let her join the Experiment Club, she would never have met Royal Dashwood and Pauline Ramsay." He sunk his voice reverently. "You've heard of Royal and Pauline, Mrs. Chubb?"

"I have. Diana brought them home to dinner once. I thought them horrid."

"They're splendid. They're unique. You can have no conception what their influence is on the lives of their fellow-members of the club. They don't only preach Broad-Minded Experiment—they *are* themselves what they advocate for others. Would you believe it, Mrs. Chubb, that with every inducement to marry and settle down comfortably in the approval of Church, State, and authority, yet these two have elected to offer us an inspired example of—er—passionate freedom. The club is proud of Royal and Pauline. And, when we are put to the same test, can we fail them? Can we—I put it to you colloquially and as man to man, Mrs. Chubb—can we let them down?" He seated himself after his speech and asked permission to smoke a cigarette. His kindly desire was to put Mrs. Chubb entirely at ease—in her own drawing-room. Graham (aged twenty-three) was tolerant, and recognised that the older generation are bound to feel a little dizzy and bewildered when first privileged to knock about among the views and opinions of the Pioneers of a New Era.

He was a good-looking lad, dark and earnest, with sleek black head, thin face, and determined chin.

"Do—you—mean?" queried Mrs. Chubb, breathing very hard, and creasing up her face into tight puckers, "that you—and my daughter—propose—to—to—"

"Abolish, in our own case, the purely formal act of a wedding ceremony? Certainly we do. There must have been times in your own life, Mrs. Chubb, when you wished you had not yielded to the conventional demands of an outworn Philistia. Though, of course, I mean no disrespect to the late Mr. Chubb," he added hastily.

"I should think not indeed!"—and Mrs. Chubb, in the good old-fashioned way of the good old-fashioned parent, gave way to hysterics.

Darrell, in a panic, rang every bell he could find in the house, and precipitated himself through the front door and away.

"Well, she was given her chance," Royal commented, with a shrug of his imperial shoulders and a toss of his thick, untidy yellow mane. "We can't do more than give 'em a chance to be reasonable! You'll just have to conduct the affair in the old way."

What—marry?"

"No!" The monarch of the Experiment Club laughed scornfully at the suggestion; and his respectful court—with one exception—murmured acquiescent horror.

Pauline Ramsay interpreted: "What Royal meant was that you'll have to dispense with the maternal sanction—as *we* did. You don't mind, do you?"—turning with a benignant smile to Di, who worshipped her, and who instantly offered up Mrs. Chubb as a sacrifice to the goddess.

"The only thing is," she hazarded, rather wistfully, "Chubb is such a hateful name—I've always wanted to get rid of it. . . . Diana Darrell sounds lovely—it seems almost a pity to waste it! But, of course"—in quick deference to Royal and Pauline—"we shouldn't *dream* of marrying."

"What's wrong with Royal and Pauline?" The question circulated freely among their worshippers during the next few months. And the answer came always the same—

"It's *that* woman!"

For ever since Emma Barker had been established as servant in their studio, Royal and Pauline had drooped and faded in a manner that was positively alarming. Whatever was the power that this very ordinary middle-aged person of the charwoman type exerted over the hero and heroine of the Experimenters, it was absolute. When she was busy cleaning up in the studio, Royal, once so fearless and defiant, would glance at her apprehensively before his every speech; and Pauline, once so proud and serene, consulted her with a pitiful desire to propitiate that could only be ascribed to Emma's knowledge of some dire secret in their lives. . . .

"That woman probably threatens them when they're alone with her—poor darlings!" Diana Chubb remarked.

"Shouldn't be surprised if Dashwood hadn't committed a murder at one time, and that woman was the only witness," suggested Tubby Gatacre cheerfully.

"Or else she's Pauline's foster-mother—"

"Don't be silly, Jane—why should she be?"

"As if our wonderful Pauline could have been fostered—by anybody as common as that woman!"

"But there's no doubt they're afraid to get rid of her."

"And she's spoiling all the fun. She hates us!"

A gloomy chorus of assent. Certainly the members of the Experiment Club were as little in favour with Emma Barker as she with them. Only a few nights ago, they had all poured into the studio after a dance, for an impromptu supper-party, as was their light-hearted custom hitherto—and Emma had not only severely insisted upon waiting on them, which gave a funereal effect to the entertainment, but had also fetched a large grey woolly shawl and wrapped it round Rosalind Chaplin's notoriously beautiful white shoulders and back, with the remark: "I can't see you catchin' cold, Miss. . . ."

"Sack her!" Rosalind stormily demanded of her hostess, when Emma had temporarily vanished into the little back kitchen. "It was sheer insolence—do get rid of her, Pauline!"

Pauline and Royal exchanged a quick, apprehensive look, before the former answered: "Oh, I don't think I *can*, Rosalind darling. I mean—at least—she *means* so well, and she's so attached to us."

"That's just what we're complaining of."

You and Royal have looked like a couple of careworn ghosts since she's been 'attached' to you. Detach her, quickly, or you'll fade away!"

Royal broke into loud, forced laughter at Tubby's suggestion, but nevertheless sped a nervous glance towards the kitchen door. Veronica Carey said softly—

"You know, Pauline dearest, we hate to sound interfering, but you and Royal mean such a lot to us. Where should we be without your splendid inspiring example?"

"In a jolly little home of our own," muttered Johnny Somers, who wanted to marry Veronica Carey, and was therefore the Ishmaelite of the group. But Graham Darrell chimed in: "Yes; look at Di and me! We'd never have had the pluck to be living together as we are now in magnificent Scorn of Convention, if you and Royal hadn't given us the lead. You're the pioneers, you two."

The pair blushed hotly, as the assembled party drank to "The Pioneers" . . . and Emma came in with the tipsy-cake, remarking that she had made it without fiery spirits, as she didn't hold with intemperance among the young.

"Quite right," said Royal, cringing. It was a horrible sight, and the company were more than ever convinced that he had committed a murder to which Emma Barker had been sole witness.

Emma Barker had just run round to the grocer for a pound of candles. She ran round so often for a pound of candles that, combined with the fact that she wore her best hat on these expeditions, one is led to believe that the grocer himself may have had something to do with it. Emma was not yet forty, and her assets were a fine colour in her cheeks, and housewifely thrift in her soul. Mr. Matthew Robinson was a widower, and, as the phrase goes, was "looking about him" for a second wife. He explained this to Emma, who looked hopeful, in spite of his lugubrious tones.

"Well, and Hi'm sure she'll be a lucky woman, 'ooever it be, if I may be allowed to say so, Mr. Robinson."

"It *might* have been you. . . ." Mr. Robinson gazed abstractedly through the window of the empty shop. Emma felt that the days of her spinsterhood were numbered. Wisely she said nothing, and waited. . . .

"It's like this, you see"—the grocer cleared his throat and leant forward with both arms upon the counter. "Mrs. Robinson the second must 'ave a respectable name. I owe it to the shop. I howe it to the chapel where I attend regular. I howes it to my two children, Eliza an' Frederick. Not to mention the memory of my first wife. We'd all be buried under the same tombstone when it came to that, you see, Miss Barker; an' she was always that particular and decent what company she kept—"

Emma protested, with some indignation and a toss of the best plumed hat, that her reputation was untarnished.

"Folks is known by their birds of a feather," said Mr. Matthew Robinson oracularly. He fixed her with an accusing orb, and spoke out what had been weighing on his mind for weeks: "Emma Barker, what are you doing to take service in a household which, as is well known and gossiped about in the neighbourhood, hasn't been sanctified by the blessin' of 'oly matrimony?" He went on before she could answer. "Perhaps you

(Continued on page 51.)



## The Wife of an Antarctic Explorer.



FORMERLY MISS GLADYS MURRAY: LADY BROCKLEHURST.

Lady Brocklehurst is the wife of Sir Philip Lee Brocklehurst, of Swythamly Park, Rushton, Staffordshire. She was married in 1913,

and has two daughters—Anne Nina and Pamela Margaret. Sir Philip Brocklehurst accompanied the British Antarctic Expedition in 1907-9.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY T. PERCIVAL ANDERSON, M.B.E.

## The Wife and Son of a Turkish Delegate.



WITH RESCHID : MME. CHÉFIK BEY MUFTYZADÉ.

Mme. Chéfik Bey Muftyzadé is the wife of the First Secretary of the Turkish Delegation which came recently to London. She is the daughter of the late Hon. W. I. Winter-Irving, of Melbourne, and daughter-in-law of his Excellency Reschid Pasha.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



## Daughter-in-Law of the Grand Old Man.



FORMERLY MISS DOROTHY PAGET: VISCOUNTESS GLADSTONE.

Lady Gladstone is the wife of Lord Gladstone, son of the great Gladstone, and is the youngest daughter of Sir Richard Horner Paget, first Baronet. She was married in 1901. Her husband has held many important political posts, and was raised to the Peerage in 1910 on

his appointment as Governor-General of the Union of South Africa and High Commissioner for South Africa, which post he held till 1914. He is also an historian, and from 1877-80 was Lecturer in History at Keble College, Oxford.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."







### "PHOEBE OF THE RINGLETS" AS HERSELF: MISS FAY COMPTON.

Miss Fay Compton might almost be described as the ideal Barrie heroine. Certainly she has captured all hearts 'in the principal rôle of two of his plays. It will be remembered that she created the part of Mary Rose, and brought all her delicate fantasy and charm to the task with enchanting results. She is now appearing in the character of "Phœbe of the Ringlets," the heroine of "Quality Street," which was successfully revived at the Haymarket last autumn. Our portrait shows her as she appears in everyday life.

FROM THE DRAWING BY H. H. HARRIS.

## SOCIETY ON SKATES: PICTURES FROM



WITH MISS IRENE HART (LEFT) AND MISS HELEN EATON:  
MAJOR THE HON. LIONEL TENNYSON, THE CRICKETER.



READY FOR ICE-HOCKEY: MAJOR THE HON. LIONEL  
AND MRS. TENNYSON.



A GROUP OF ENTHUSIASTS: MISS IRENE HART, MISS PEGGY  
LEWIS, AND THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.



ON THE CARLTON RINK: MISS LATTA AND HER  
BROTHER, MR. CECIL LATTA.

Distinguished society has gathered in full force at St. Moritz, and skating and ice-hockey are in progress under brilliant blue skies and sunshine. Lord and Lady Birkenhead, their two daughters, the Hon. Eleanor and the Hon. Pamela Smith, and their son, the Hon. Frederick Smith, are among the most energetic. Major the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, the famous cricketer, and son of Lord Tennyson, is another winter sports enthusiast.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



# THE LAKE OF SILS, NEAR ST. MORITZ.



AFTER A SPILL: MAJOR THE HON. LIONEL TENNYSON.



THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S WIFE AND YOUNGER DAUGHTER: LADY BIRKENHEAD AND THE HON. PAMELA SMITH.



LORD BIRKENHEAD'S ELDER DAUGHTER: THE HON. ELEANOR SMITH WITH MR. JEFFREY HART.



MISS IRENE HART, MISS MONA DUNN, LADY BIRKENHEAD, THE HON. FREDERICK SMITH, AND THE HON. PAMELA SMITH.

The Hon. Mrs. Tennyson is the daughter of the late Lord Glenconner. Miss Peggy Lewis is the daughter of Sir George Lewis; Miss Latta and Mr. Cecil Latta are the son and daughter of Sir John and Lady Latta; and the Duke of Sutherland is another all-round sportsman who has been enjoying the delights of Switzerland in winter.

LET US GO TO "THE SKETCH."



## This Week's Studdy.



ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.



# At St. Moritz: Society Ski-ing, Skating, and Picnicking.



PRACTISING SKATING ON THE SUVRETTA RINK: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.



ON THE SKI SLOPES OF THE JULIER PASS: MISS SOPHIE DONNER.



A CINEMA STAR AND HER OWN CAMERA: MISS QUEENIE THOMAS ON THE PALACE RINK.



LUNCHING ON THE ICE: LADY LEWIS AND MASTER G. LEWIS ON THE LAKE OF SILS.



LORD BIRKENHEAD, THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, MISS DUNN, LADY BIRKENHEAD, AND A FRIEND.

The exhilarating air of St. Moritz, and the amount of exercise which a Swiss holiday entails, are guarantees of good appetite, and our snapshots of al-fresco meals show everyone looking very happy and hungry. Miss

Sophie Donner, whom we show after a ski "spill," is the elder of the Hon. Mrs. Donner's two daughters, and a niece of the present Lord Dunboyne.



## The Corner Shelf.

WE are all—if the truth is to come out at the very beginning and is not to lurk alluringly round the corner of each paragraph in the manner adopted by serialists of breathless fiction—devoted with a Passion that Mocks the Power of Words to the subject, the incomparable theme of ourselves. It is—you *know* it is—your one



ONE OF THE NEW YEAR'S BARONS:  
SIR JAMES BUCHANAN, BT.

Sir James Buchanan is one of the four new Barons. He was High Sheriff of Sussex in 1910, and is a generous benefactor to many public and charitable objects, and a well-known sportsman and race-horse owner.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

ewe-topic—the one that you like to get uninterruptedly on to in a comfortable seat in the corner of the room and just out of the circle of disconcerting light. One gets you, when you are on it, at your best. And your best, as everyone knows (except the weary-looking lady who goes round to parties with you and has heard it or something very like it before), is very good. So you stick to it with a persistence which betrays your—our—everybody's little weakness. And since the study of letters is the study of human weakness, one finds in the contemporary output of printed matter a strong flavour of the same amiable failing. They like, poor dears, to write about themselves. And if they *must* write, then they might as well write on a subject that they know something about.

### How to Do It.

In the *épanchement* of the modern memoir, we have learnt a good deal about the selves of our writers. They are all, from Mrs. A. to Mr. Z., for telling us about themselves and their youth and the flowers in the old garden at Sneebe and the kind footman who saved Molly's life in '82, and the meet of the Quorn when Father looked so splendid, and the time that Mr. Gladstone came to stay in the house and bit everything three hundred times, and the first meeting with the first husband and the tenderness of motherhood and a' that and a' that. There, in a considerably narrow compass, is the formula for a volume

of contemporary recollections, and you can go on applying it to anybody's career *ad infinitum* or *nauseam*, according to your taste and point of view. But that is the way to do it; and when you have done it, your publisher can put on the outside a list of all the important people who have ever spoken to you—and the Trick is Done.

### Where are the Plums?

The familiar recipe seems to have strayed into the busy hands of Lady Angela Forbes, and with an engaging confession of the financial motive, she took down the usual ingredients from the shelf and stirred them round to make them into something to set before us all. Only one has an uneasy feeling that the plums were left out. All that remains is a catalogue of her acquaintances, without much material to assist the future historian in forming any picture of what they were like. But at any rate there is no pretence in her Foreword that she is performing a Public Duty or answering a High Calling or anything of that sort. She merely weaves the cash nexus, with dexterous simplicity, round her reader's heart and leaves it at that.

### A Little Unwise.

But perhaps it was unwise to begin by letting him suspect that in the graceful gesture of holding out her hat she concealed a dark contempt for the passers-by who were to drop twenty-four shillings into it. Because the brave lady speaks of her "appeal to all sorts and conditions" and drops a condescending tear on "the Bayswater-cum-Balham ingredients of which the crowd in the Park is now composed." Yet Lady Angela is more generous in her friendships than in her hostilities, since she was willing, when she enjoyed Baron Hirsch's "open house" in Paris and Sir Ernest Cassel's ball at Dalby, to forget the dark, pantomime suspicions which led her on a later page to announce her intention to "squash the Jewish invasion by every means in my power, even if it means having fewer new frocks."

### Vignettes of War-time Vulgarity.

The defect of her recollections is that so often they cover little more than the names of her characters. The house parties of her record are often delightfully composed, but the harassed historian will discover little about their component celebrities and notoriety beyond the customary facts that they were there, handsome as ever, talking brilliantly (how brilliance has, if one may compare the raptures of our memorialists with the greyer facts of one's own experience, declined), and riding like birds. But with the war Lady Angela moves, like so many people, nearer to reality; and her recollections of the Base almost entitle her book to rank as a minor document of history. The history, perhaps, is of the *coulisses* rather than the great stage itself. But her random recollections of angry A.P.M.s and indignant A.G.s have some of the value of Colonel Repington's vignettes of war-time vulgarity.

The Beginning of the War. At the beginning They all seem to have assumed that the war was going to be as "dívvy" a thrill and picnic as South Africa.

Only a trifle nearer to Charing Cross. Which made it ever so much handier to get at. So off They all set and planted Themselves out all along the coast from Dunkirk to Le Touquet *Hinc*, as Lady Angela's biographer will be forced to admit, *illæ lacrimæ*. And not only hers. Because someone must be reading without enthusiasm her narrative of an interview with "another man—I cannot remember his name. He was the A.A.G., I discovered. He had a most unprepossessing appearance, and wore an eyeglass." He knows about it all, as Omar sang, He knows—HE knows!

### Leave Your Prejudices Behind.

So if you want to flutter lightly through the past how many years it would be indelicate to say, you may hitch your wagon to Lady Angela's star, and it will propel you easily enough from the era when the Prince of Wales meant a beard and a cigar to the period when the Prince of Wales meant a smile in khaki. So who, as they say, is for the ferry? And leave your prejudices outside. Otherwise you may be a trifle irked by the amiable assumption that our interest in our hostess's recollections is equalled by our appetite for her political views. Which, frankly, it is not. But if house parties long separated and dances long ago amuse you (and why not?), then take the price in your hand and get Lady Angela to introduce you vicariously to her fine friends of the 'Nineties.

### Cricket Reminiscences.

Reminiscence, but of a different order, is the stock-in-trade of Colonel Philip Trevor. He writes, as is not surprising (because he has done it at least twice before), about cricket. And cricket, as Mr. E. V. Lucas and Mr. A. A. Milne have discovered,



LORD WALSHINGHAM'S DAUGHTER AS A SHAKESPEAREAN HEROINE: THE HON. ALICE DE GREY AS JESSICA IN THE SAVOY PRODUCTION.

The Hon. Alice de Grey, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Walsingham, has been on the stage for five years now, but only made her London debut with her appearance at the Savoy last week as Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice," in the Baynton Season of Shakespeare matinées at that theatre.—[Photograph by Photopress.]



# Held at Barnstaple: The Stevenstone Hunt Ball.



COLONEL B. C. JAMES, MRS. KEITH CHANNER, MRS. JAMES,  
MISS E. BOVEY, AND CAPTAIN CHANNER.



CAPTAIN PRENDERGAST, MISS PILKINGTON, MISS JOAN GARDNER,  
AND MR. R. S. LA TROBE-BATEMAN.



HELD AT THE IMPERIAL HOTEL, BARNSTAPLE: THE STEVENSTONE HUNT BALL.



MRS. CHARLES BIRKIN, MR. D. BLEW JONES, MRS. BABINGTON, MRS.  
BLEW JONES, CAPTAIN BABINGTON (L. TO R.) BACK ROW: MR. WILLIAMS,  
MISS JOHNSTON, MISS BIRKIN, AND MR. R. CURZON.



MR. W. R. N. HINDE, MISS NEWTON KING, MRS. LEGGATT, COMMANDER  
LEGGATT, MISS BENNET, CAPTAIN BENNET (L. TO R.); AND STANDING  
AT BACK, MR. H. D. HINDE.

The Stevenstone Hunt Ball was held at the Imperial Hotel, Barnstaple, North Devon, and was a very successful function. Our page gives a general view of the ball-room, in which "Sketch" readers may be able to

pick out friends who were present, as well as some groups of dancers. Captain Canning is the Secretary of the Hunt, and Mr. D. Blew Jones, the Master.—[Photographs Nos. 1, 2, 4, and 5, by S. and G.; No. 3, by T.P.A.]

is not a bad thing to write about. You tilt your pen with a slightly sporting air, you drag your reader out into the sunshine of the long field; and if you cannot keep him happy, you ought to. Because cricket, try however hard may all the dismal gentlemen who reduce it to the humbler level of a science, is a Good Game.

**Sport—Taken Seriously.**

But, of course, Colonel Trevor is more than a trifle solemn about it. The English not only take their pleasures sadly, but they vigorously insist upon everybody else doing the same. And it is only in his final chapter that this grave authority condescends to consider "Cricket as a Pastime." The remainder of his two hundred pages is consumed in a grave-eyed consideration of cricket as a form of intellectual activity or a branch of English (and Australian) history, or something of that sort. So solemn. But funnier sometimes than the expositor is apt to think. Because something seems to have happened to the world's values since all the clocks were put back four years in 1918—and it is a trifle less easy than it was to see the cosmic importance of the salubrious gentlemen in flannels in quite the same impressive perspective as that in which they loom upon Colonel Trevor.

**The Point of a Hobby.**

But, of course, the only point of a hobby is to tell stories about it. Nothing is so tedious to his public as the dramatic expert when he begins to remember (*viva voce*) the old Olympic and the Gaiety burlesques and Ellen Terry at the Lyceum. But he has a delightful time himself. And one hopes that Colonel Trevor, when he is deep in W. G. and Ranji (not to say Spofforth and Victor Trumper), has as good a time himself. Because he is so rarely dogmatic that he deserves one.

**From Devon to the South Seas.**

Reminiscence, if it comes to that, is also the lay of Mr. Ralph Stock—although one might have felt more exhilarated in his company if his publisher had refrained from slapping one quite so violently on the back with the intimation that "Ralph Stock bubbles with mirth all the way from Devon to the South Sea Islands." But it is not as bad as that really. No reader could bear the torture of so long a journey as that in the company of an author with the temperament of a facetious syphon, and Mr. Stock's high spirits are kept within measurable limits.

**It Came—He Went.**

'Perhaps he lets us hear just a little too much about his dream. Because a desire to sail about the world—and especially those parts of it which lie in the province of Mr. Jack London—is not peculiar to Mr. Stock. Nor particularly a dream. Nor even a conception that could only have come to a man under the distressing circumstances prevailing on the French front, where Mr. Stock hit his *Wanderlust*. But still it

came. And he went. As Mr. Norman Douglas nearly said.

**A Cargo of High Spirits.**

Discounting, therefore, the faintly irritating fact that Mr. Stock's forty-foot Norwegian-built cutter is consistently referred to

as "the dream ship," one follows him on a mildly interesting (and to its actual participants highly enjoyable) cruise out of Devon to the Galapagos Islands, and beyond into the faint blue where the people of the Tonga Islands minister to the needs of the European stamp-collector. The cargo consisted principally of high spirits. And high spirits are things which do not keep extraordinarily well. Perhaps (unlike Madeira) a sea voyage round the world is bad for the little things. Anyway, the roars of laughter with which the cutter obviously rang are converted into a rather hollow hilarity on the printed page.

**Tender to Handle.**

Very few people—not even Mark Twain—can maintain a heavy burden of facetiousness for nearly three hundred pages. And Mr. Stock (as well as his readers) is only human. So one feels a mild regret that one cannot quite enjoy reading the book as much as its author enjoyed writing it. He tries to share the joke. But jokes—like dreams—are tender things to handle.

**The Three Captains.**

So there is a cargo of memories for you—a dream ship, as Mr. Stock would say, with three skippers: Lady Angela gesticulating a little frantically on the bridge and remembering the Great Days that Are No More (if some of us have anything to do with it), Colonel Trevor showing the second mate how to keep a straight bat somewhere behind the binnacle, and Mr. Stock slapping the universe a little vociferously on the back. And not a bad ship either. If you like that sort of thing. And that sort of thing is, on the whole, about the best that we can get from the average writer.

**Fact and Fiction.**

Because the average writer, who is ungifted with the imagination of Mr. Wells or the prose of Mr. Conrad, has little to tell us (or sell us) beyond his memories. And one so infinitely prefers to have them neat in the form of Recollections to the dismal hypocrisy that is involved in disguising them in a novel or some other literary invention. Nothing is more dreary than penetrating the opaque pages of a novel in which the memory is more relied upon than the imagination. And one should be particularly grateful to all purveyors of Memoirs for having spared us the same scanty crop of memories dressed up in novel form. Half-a-century ago Lady Angela would have made it into a *roman à clef*. Called "Horseback Hall." And we should have had the agony of disentangling her facts from her fiction. But now we can just read straight ahead. Even the A. A. G.

Memories and Base Details. By Lady Angela Forbes. (Hutchinson; 24s. net.)

Cricket and Cricketers. By Colonel Philip Trevor. (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d. net.)

The Cruise of the Dream Ship. By Ralph Stock. (Heinemann; 15s. net.)



GEORGE MEREDITH'S DAUGHTER AND GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTER: MRS. HENRY STURGIS AND MISS MACDONALD.

Mrs. Henry Sturgis is the only daughter of George Meredith, the famous novelist. She has just sailed for Malta, accompanied by her granddaughter, to join her daughter and son-in-law, Captain and Mrs. Macdonald.—[Photograph by Harris Picture Agency]



THE WIFE OF A NEW YEAR'S ACTOR KNIGHT: LADY DU MAURIER AND TWO OF HER CHILDREN.

Sir Gerald du Maurier, the popular actor and manager of Wyndham's Theatre, where he is now appearing as the hero of "Bull-Dog Drummond," was one of the two actor knights who received their honours in the New Year's List. Sir Gerald is the son of George du Maurier, the well-known artist and author of "Trilby," etc. His theatrical successes have been many, and include his appearance as the original Captain Hook, and Mr. Darling, of "Peter Pan," and in leading parts of many Barrie plays; as the thief-hero of "Raffles"; and in "Arsène Lupin," "Diplomacy," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," etc., etc. Sir Gerald married Miss Muriel Beaumont in 1903, and has three daughters, two of whom are shown with Lady du Maurier in our photograph.

Photograph by C.N.



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## The Lights of Paris.



RECENTLY a well-known actor passing through Paris—he had come away from Cannes just in time to escape the Prime Ministers and the swarms of experts and journalists who are revelling in the colour-scheme of red rocks and blue waters and yellow mimosa—remarked to me that, in his opinion, England was taking far more notice of Molière on his Tercentenary celebrations than she would take of any Shakespearean festivities. I suppose it is true that France has shown more regard for Shakespeare than has England—I receive visits from a Frenchman who wishes to convert me to his view that Shakespeare was Lord Derby!

**Molière Chez Mayol.** So it is only to be expected, by way of compensation, that England should not remain indifferent to the French national dramatist. I do not intend to set out here the programme of the celebrations, but there are one or two especially curious facts about this theatrical fête. It is not in a few high-brow theatres that Molière is being played in Paris three hundred years after his birth—even the music-halls are presenting Molière to their publics, and these publics are pleased. It certainly seems hard for me to imagine Shakespeare at the Hippodrome; but we are having Molière even at the Concert Mayol, which is the airiest of airy café-concerts!

**"Spi" and Polin.** Take the Théâtre Michel. There "Le Médecin Malgré Lui" is being given by Spinelly and Parisys—with Tristan Bernard, beard and all, taking a part. Then there is Polin—a sort of French George Robey—playing as Tartuffe. You see that Molière worship is not confined to the classic theatres and the serious actors and actresses. As for the orations about Molière, they are legion. Lucien Guitry is one of the *conférenciers*; many people regard him as the finest French actor of our day.

**Maurice Rostand's Poem.** Sarah Bernhardt could not, of course, fail to take a prominent part in these special performances; but as she is now on a little tour in Belgium—indefatigable traveller!—it is arranged that she shall produce later in the month a dramatic poem written for her and for M. Grétilat (who will personify Molière) by Maurice Rostand, whose "La Gloire" has been the success of the season. Firmin Gémier is also in the picture, organising representations of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" at the Châtelet. Comédie Française, Odéon, Opéra, and, indeed, all the big theatres are magnificently mounting Molière. We talk Molière all the time now. We revel in Molière. It is not an affectation; Molière is one of those rich, supreme geniuses who have something to say to the cultured and the unlettered, the men and women of all ages, of all countries, and of all time.

**Little Theatres.** Still, we preserve our taste for the light and *spirituel* pieces that are typically Parisian. The latest is called "Une Sacrée

Petite Blonde," and Jane Renouardt is vivaciously amusing. She is a capital tonic for the depression that follows upon the round of holidays. She has a new theatre of her own—the Théâtre Daunou. It is one of those tiny band-boxes which seem to succeed in Paris, and are almost impossible in London. I wonder why? Here is a dainty little hall, close to the boulevards, which does not seat more than five hundred persons, where the prices are not high—nothing like so high as they often are in London; where the acting is good and, indeed, superior; where stars

are to be seen glittering; where no expense seems to be spared, and which yet presumably pays. Personally, I love the *théâtre intime* where even indifferent spectacles are almost invariably entertaining; and it is surely strange that there is no



IN THE NEW HENRI BATAILLE PLAY, "LA POSSESSION": Mlle. YVONNE DE BRAY, OF THE THÉÂTRE DE PARIS.

Our photograph shows Mlle. de Bray in a particularly attractive spring hat—a Lewis model.

Photograph by H. M. Talma; hat by Maison Lewis.

room—or little room—for the *théâtre intime* at home.

### Actresses as Mannequins.

The play is frankly amoral, its simple philosophy being that the best way of getting rid of an importunate love-sick swain is not to fly from him. But it is to be noted that the French theatres are once more becoming the real fashion-houses. They have not quite lived up to their reputation in this respect of recent years, but at last they are as attractive by their dresses as by their plays or their acting. The popular actress is, in short, almost a glorified *mannequin*. French women go to see what should be worn. They rejoice in the clothes, which work up to a climax. The dresses are as fascinating as the *dénouement*.

**Waist at Knee-Line.** I imagine that there was quite as much applause for the gorgeous evening gown in the last act as for the clever conduct of the dialogue. The waist, be it observed, is

descending daily, and presently, I presume it will be somewhere in the region of the knees. How do women manage to alter their anatomy at will? I think Van Dongen first invented the up-to-date Parisienne, with her long lines and narrow, curved silhouette. But Van Dongen is being out-Dongened. He has just been confessing that his sitters have to dress for their portraits and order special robes which will give them the necessary character.

### Van Dongen Models.

He has set up feminine models that are now imitated everywhere. Jane Renouardt, for example, has adopted the rich, jewel-embroidered violet lace, quivering with silver threads, and arranged over silver cloth. There are big green stones at the *ceinture*. There is something of an Oriental effect in the colouring. As for the sleeves of the other gowns, they are so long that they touch the floor!

**Crime to Copy.** The court ruling that the *couturier* is to be regarded in exactly the same way as the artist, and counterfeiting is to be rigorously put down, is arousing much comment. It is a sad blow to many of the smaller dress-makers who have not scrupled to reproduce the gowns which have been created by more famous *maisons de la mode*. After all, there is much to be said for this view that so much ingenuity, so much imagination as is now displayed should be protected. One firm, beginning with the New Year, has resolved to mark all its productions with the finger-prints of the *directrice*, and so assure its clients of the genuineness of its productions. This finger-print notion has been treated with much facetiousness, and, indeed, it is not difficult to perpetrate any number of jokes on the subject. But I suppose the purchasers will be gratified; and as long as the *empreintes digitales* are not conspicuous on the back or round the waist, there is not much to be said against this *fantaisie*!

**Duck's Stage Death.** I should like to

correct a remark I made about Bill Bourget, the famous duck of Gordon Knox, which has raised so much money for the British Hospital here. He is not dead. My announcement of his demise was a case of unintelligent anticipation. How could a duck which lays such golden eggs be allowed to die? (I am not sure about the sex, but the laying of eggs must be understood in a figurative sense.) At any rate, the winner of Bill Bourget was persuaded to take a turkey instead. The death was only a stage death. Bill has now, I learn, gone to Bart's. Bart's is to enlist his services for the raising of funds, and afterwards Bill is to go to America for the same purpose. SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



HEROINE OF THE MOST-DISCUSSED PLAY IN PARIS: Mlle. YVONNE DE BRAY.

Mlle. Yvonne de Bray, who made such a big success in "La Tendresse," is giving the most remarkable interpretation of Jessie, the leading rôle in the much-discussed "La Possession," produced at the Théâtre de Paris. The osprey-covered hat she is wearing in our photograph is one of the latest Maison Lewis models.

Photograph by H. M. Talma; hat by Maison Lewis.



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## GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.



**The Blankney.** I was glad to see Lady Carisbrooke out again, looking very well. She was accompanied to the meet the other day by her husband and her mother, Lady Londesborough, and, last but not least, Lady Iris Mountbatten, her charming daughter, aged eighteen months, who, from her "pram," was taking the greatest interest in the "sport of kings." Lady Carisbrooke tells me that she intends to hunt regularly with the Blankney for some weeks, and is staying with her brother at Blankney Hall.

**Brave Hearts Quailed.** Many a brave heart quailed during our ride through the town when hounds met at Sleaford, over that very slippery asphalt. Horses kicked, shied, and bucked in every direction; but bad times as well as good come to an end, and we eventually found ourselves drawing Sir George Whichcote's famous covert, Aswarby Thorns.

What a lovely place Aswarby is—the house stands so well; and what a fund of knowledge Sir George has of foxes and fox-hunting; added to which, he surely knows every field and fence in the Belvoir and Blankney countries; and I'll guarantee that anyone who follows him in a hunt will see more than most people.

### The Bird's-Eye Stock.

The Master and one or two of the field have taken to the old custom of wearing a bird's-eye stock, which, of course, caused quite a stir. The majority of opinions were in favour. Personally, I thought the wearers looked picturesque and workman-like—especially Colonel Buxton. His was so well tied!

### In "Beaufortshire."

One hears that Lady Diana Somerset, who is so clever with her pencil, is making a book of local hunting caricatures, or "portraits," as seems good to her. Hunting people have such individual ways of sitting their horses that they lend themselves well to the exercise of this faculty, and those privileged to inspect the results of this talented young lady's skill will be greatly entertained, no doubt.

### The Children's Party at Badminton.

The Duchess of Beaufort gave a delightful children's party at Badminton the other day. A sort of invitation-subscription affair, in aid of the village hall, put up as a memorial to her son, Baron Maurice de Tully, who was killed in the war. Most of the children of the hunting people were there, including Lady Cowley's and Lady Mainwaring's; Mrs. Ward's children; Mrs. Johnson-Ferguson's boys; Mrs. Edgar Brassey's children; Lady Lansdowne's grandchildren (for whom she had a party the day before); the younger Morrison-Bells, and many others. Lady Mary Stanley's boy, unfortunately, developed chicken-pox on his return from school—a misadventure which prevented her young people from attending.

### The Belvoir and the Quorn.

The Belvoir had a nice hunt in the morning when they met at Eastwell. Lady Ursula Grosvenor was out again. She looks her best on a horse—on her side-saddle days, that is to say! Another "stranger" out was Lady Greenall, but one can scarcely call her that, as her husband was Master of the Belvoir before Lord Robert Manners and Major Bouch took them over. Young Gilbert Greenall and his brother, who are both in the Life Guards, are keeping their horses in Melton this season, and hunting when leave permits.

### A Bad Fall.

There was a big field with the Quorn at Gaddesby, and a good sprint in the morning over some upstanding fences. Later in the day, during a slow hunt, "everybody's friend," H. Beeby, came down in a gateway, breaking his leg. He doesn't go through gates oftener than he can help, so it seems unjust that he should have a bad fall with other people doing nothing else! No doubt he will be out again long before his medical adviser gives him permission.



THE STEVENSTONE MEET AT STEVENSTONE HOUSE: CAPTAIN CHANNER AND MRS. BLEW JONES, AND MRS. BABINGTON.

Captain Channer is the Secretary of the Stevenstone, and Mrs. Blew Jones is the wife of Mr. D. Blew Jones, of Stevenstone House, Torrington, North Devon, the Master; and Mrs. Babington is a keen lady follower.—[Photographs by S. and G.]



There were a great many people at the meet at Shoby Cross Roads. Lord Beatty, who is back at Brooksby, was out with his sons. Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick and her brother; Major "Hoppy" Peacock, and the ladies of his family; Mrs. Dick Fenwick; Captain Loewenstein, riding a beautiful chestnut; "Boy" Wilson; General Vaughan; Captain "Tommy" Graves, and his stable companions, Mr. Victor Gilpin and Mr. Wroughton, were a few of "those present."

### The Cottesmore.

Langham is a meet to be looked forward to; but scent was catchy the other Tuesday, and on the whole it was a disappointing day. Lord Ancaster was out, but since he has taken seriously to politics he isn't so often seen hunting as in pre-war days. From Liffenham nothing of much interest happened, though we had a little run from Lyndon round by Hambleton to Barnsdale, the house of the Crown Equerry, Sir Charles Fitzwilliam, who, despite his seventy-three years, is as game as a youngster, and thinks nothing of long walks and bicycle rides! The youthful-looking Lord Molyneux was out, and his uncle, Colonel

"Dick" Molyneux, and also Lancelot Lowther, Arthur Bentinck, and Major Poynter, whose wife was one of the late Lord Suffolk's sisters.

### A Sporting Novelist.

On the Saturday hounds met at Wymondham, where many Belvoir people turn up as a rule. "Tommy" Burns Hartopp was looming large, closely followed by his family; and a comparative stranger, though a well-known man, was Gilbert Frankau, the novelist, who has taken a little house in Whissendine.

### The Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds.

The fields have been much increased this last week by the boys and girls from school. At Longnewton last Wednesday it was very stormy, and they did not find for some time, but got a fox at last in a moss at Cavers Carre which gave them a nice gallop over a bit of the best country. Among the boys and girls who are well mounted and mean going are Lord George Scott's twins, Marjorie and Jean; Colonel

Augustus Baillie's Simon and Fanny; Tony McConnell, on his good jumping pony, Toby; Hugh Montgomerie, on his nice little roan; and Brigadier-General Jardine's little girls—one on the tiniest Shetland, but a real good one, and very well ridden by its little owner.

### A Successful Dance.

Lord George Scott was Acting Master for many years—a most popular one, and everyone is sorry that he cannot manage to hunt much now. Mrs. Mitchell of Monksford's dance was the greatest success (about 150 people, most cheery), and was kept up till the small hours. The hostess wore a lovely frock and magnificent diamonds and pearls. Lady Lindsay

whose daughter is shortly marrying Captain Liddell-Grainger, had her glorious ropes pearls on; Mrs. Laidlaw, whom one always admires, with her lovely white hair, wore a beautiful Poiret gown, gold and black. She brought Sir Duncan and Lady Hay of Haystoun, Peebleshire, who are well-known dancers and great at winter sports. Mrs. Laidlaw lives at Kippilaw, which used to belong to the late Sir Henry Seton-Karr, great sportsman and one of the best shot known. The belle of the ball was undoubtedly Lady Sybil Phipps, the Duchess of Buccleuch's second daughter, who chaperoned her young sisters from Bowhill.

### The Best Run of the Season.

The morning after the dance the Lauderdale Hounds met at Threewood, and had the best run of the season. Mrs. Van Raalte, who lives near by, at Chapel-on-Leader, hunts a good deal with the pack. She is a beautiful rider, well mounted, and usually near hounds. Her sister, Lady Shiffner, who is staying with her this season, is a fine rider too. Mr. Van Raalte—Lord Howard de Walden's brother—does not

(Continued on page 73)





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**O**VERHEARD in the Tube: "Hello, old chap! Happy New Year, and all that sort of thing. How's the world treating you this year?" "So far, very seldom."

First two lines for quarter-day ballad—  
Now falls the patient, evening dew;  
Unmoved by what to (or by) me is due.

**Quid Pro Quo.** An author and a vocalist met. Both appeared to be in a hurry. Each intended not to hear the other lest a small loan were mentioned. The



**DANCERS IN SUMMER SUNSHINE ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR: SAMYA AND HER PARTNER, DONALD SAWYER.**

Samya and her partner, Donald Sawyer, are at Monte Carlo, and can practise their latest steps in the summer-like sunshine there.

Photograph by Navelló.

conversation reveals what kind of hope such men live upon. "I've got to get a couple of thousand off before the morning," said the author, hurrying away. "Yes, and I've got to get a couple of quid on before two-thirty," said the vocalist, staying where he was.

#### The Wearing o' the Green.

A famous author recently returned from Christmas-ing on a proud little island of which one of the proudest possessions was a myrtle-tree planted by the Duke of Wellington about a hundred years ago. From the island, as a cherished souvenir, the author had brought with him a twig from the famous tree. He treasured that twig, but forgot to remove it from his dress-coat pocket. A few nights ago he had occasion to wear his dress clothes. (Even authors have such occasions now and then.) But, alas and alack! the twig, the twig of myrtle, given to him by—was her name Myrtle, perhaps?—was gone! He called

to his mother, who always insisted on seeing that his dress clothes were fit and proper things "to go abroad in." And he said, "My twig of myrtle! The most precious souvenir of all! What has become of it?" In a sobbing voice mother murmured, "Oh that—that bit of green! I'll go and get it. I threw it in the dust-bin." "Fuimus Troes; fuit Ilium, et ingens Gloria Teucrorum."

#### Seconds Out!

I never know what to call those jolly sportsmen who own, train, and ride their own racehorses for county championships. Is it master-jockey, jockey-master, owner-jockey, or just rider-owner? Anyway, one of them rode one of his own trained crock horses in a race. It was not supposed to win, but to be only a good second. The horse that was intended to win belonged to him, but was mounted by a chap who obviously had not quite got the spirit of the game. The owner was galumphing along the straight realising that the "arranged" winner, who was now second, was lagging. So the owner pulled in his crock and allowed the second to catch up. As they came alongside the owner indicated by voice and motion that he wanted the crawling second to make for the post and get there by a head. His own old crock was doing his best. The other was full of good intent merely to win with apparent difficulty. Suddenly the second made a miraculous spurt forward, flying past owner and crock with easy access to the winning post by three or four lengths. And, meanwhile, the owner was walloping his alleged second, as others were also passing, and shouting at the top of his voice: "I say, you fellows! Don't overdo it! Dammit, make it look like a race!"

#### Cavalry Tone.

Before we forget, while on the gee-gees, a young what-what kind of blood was hoping to qualify for a commission in one of the swagger cavalry regiments. He was brought before a testy old general of pompous manner, for a *viva voce* test. "Now, Sir," bellowed the general. "What would you say was the function of cavalry?" After a little humming and hawing, the young candidate said: "The, ah, function of cavalry, eh? Well, ah, I should say that the function of cavalry in, ah, war-time, ah, was to lend tone to what would otherwise be a mere vulgar brawl."

#### Words.

Reverting to the topic of authors, here's a true story of a celebrated author who, although he doesn't like Americans very much, sold the entire United States rights on his latest novel to an American firm of publishers. Some weeks later he received a nice fat cheque from the firm; also a letter in which occurred these passages: "Of course, we omitted to tell you in our last communication that we felt compelled to cut about twenty thousand words from your original script; but it hasn't in the least spoiled the text. We should further like to ask you for your next story. Will you please set it in California and make an American the hero."

The novelist was piqued. He wrote back tersely: "I cannot set my next story in California. Know nothing

about the place. Nor can I make an American my hero, for, as yet, I have not met one who could qualify for the position."

Nasty, wasn't it? But how sweetly English!

The wickedest one of the alleged New Year: Why is modern milk like a bank-note? Because it is not current without a watermark.

#### Catty.

A dear lady friend of mine has an aged aunt who, when she departs from the troubles of this world, intends to leave to my friend a silver teapot. Our friend shares a party line on the telephone, and, although it's a perfect nuisance having to answer every time the silly bell rings, the thought of that silver teapot makes her rush to the 'phone at the slightest tinkle, full of expectations of hearing the best—no, the worst. The other night, at an unconscionably late hour, tinky-tinky went the bell. The teapot-hoping niece felt truth in the air. She said: "Yes?" From the other end a voice, tearful and woe-ridden, whispered: "The cat is dead." "Thank heaven!" from the hoping niece. Then from the other end: "Who is that? Am I not speaking to Mr. Jones, the vet?"

Well, of course! Ring off. Confound these party lines—and teapots.

A dear little lady called Gladys

Tried to find what the meaning of "bad" is.

Her mother said: "Note;

If you should want to quote,  
Quote whatever that's not what your  
dad is." SPFX.



**DANCERS IN WINTER SUNSHINE DOING STEPS ON SKIS: BOBBY SIELLE AND ANNETTE MILLS AT DAVOS.**

All the dancers have not gone to the South of France, some at least prefer their sunshine mixed with snow. Our photograph shows Bobby Sielle and Annette Mills, two English dancers who have achieved great popularity at Davos. They go out on their skis and practise steps on the snowy slopes, where they are as expert as on a ballroom floor!—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



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Demonstrated that the Napier is a no-trouble car. *Autocar, 22/11/21.*

It is impossible to conceive of better behaviour on the part of any vehicle. *Financial News, 30/10/21.*

Proves the Napier to be even more wonderful than I esteemed it. *Sheffield Telegraph, 18/10/21.*

Constitutes a record performance. *Car, 4/11/21.*

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## Motor Dicta. By Gerald Biss.



IN Automobildom we are getting nearly as be-titled as in Buskin Land, and here's the heartiest of congratulations to Sir Alfred Mays-Smith and to Sir William Letts. The former is President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders for the second year in succession, and has done plenty of excellent work at a most trying time, and the industry generally will greatly appreciate

private aeroplane in order to speed things up and save a bit of time. His favourite hobby is—work! Automobildom will also take a real personal interest in the advancement of Sir Alfred Bird to a baronetcy, as he has been one of the amateur props and pillars not only of the R.A.C. in particular, but of motoring in general from the dark ages; and at the last Brooklands meeting, his son, who is a very keen driver, put up a hot performance upon a standard Lanchester.

### Injudicious.

A good deal has been written in criticism of the statement in a London evening paper that "three hardy spirits" intend to attempt to drive from London to Glasgow in ten hours for the Scottish Show at the end of this month in a voiturette of less than 12 h.p. Treasury rating. Doubtless a bold and brave intention, but one with nothing to be said in its favour; and I certainly do not

### The Way to Travel.

This sort of stunt is no good to motoring, and a danger to the general community of motorists; and I hope that if these three hardy spirits do try their London-to-Glesca in ten hours joy-ride, the police will catch them and put the lid on their super-abundant spirits—in the interests of all decent motorists. Personally, nowadays, after many hectic stunts, I prefer to lob along quietly at thirty to thirty-five miles an hour in a big covered car, with heaps of power in hand, and an occasional burst—of speed, not tyres—in the right place. That is luxury indeed. As for the other point-to-point rush against the clock, I frankly prefer a Pullman, with my meals served on board to pass the time. Well, well; youth will be served; their discomfort, or even the fracture of their three hardy necks, is not my affair, so long as they don't fracture anybody else's or set the hedge-hogs agog and make the innocent automobilist suffer for their speed after they have rushed through without physical or financial damage—merely moral, as Oom Paul used to phrase it. It is a case in which, if it be attempted, the A.A. might for once turn policeman in the general interest and do a bit of amateur trapping and timing from point to point—and do their best to stop such enterprises. There, now I have expressed myself with real candour.



A TAILOR-MADE MOTOR: MR. A. BLOOMQUIST AND HIS MODEL.

Mr. A. Bloomquist, of Chatham, is a tailor, but also a keen engineer. He has made this tiny model of a motor-car chassis for exhibition at the Horticultural Hall Model Engineering Show, now in progress.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

the compliment to him and to itself. Outside his public work, which can't leave him much time for such sordid things as personal money-grubbing, or even golf (of which he is the greatest exponent in automobildom, being plus a million or two), Sir Alfred has pushed the Delaunay-Belleville, the "Car Magnificent," ever since it first crossed the Channel; and this year he has a particularly healthy baby model in his Pall Mall perambulator, showing every sign of its high breeding. His latest commercial dash has been on to the Harper-Bean Board, in response to an "S.O.S." to help to pull it out of its financial flounderings at this very difficult time; and he will be invaluable.

Sir "Billy." T'other bold, bad knight is Sir "Billy" Letts, of many interests, an indefatigable worker, and as popular and respected as any man in the whole of automobildom. A pioneer from the pre-emancipation days, he has forged straight ahead without deviation, a man of fixed purpose, through good times and bad, from his Locomobile days, *via* Jarrott and Letts (of which he is still the head), to the control of the big Crossley firm and the Willys-Overland manufacture over here under the same auspices. He is particularly and justly proud of the new 19.6 Crossley, which is far and away the best thing the firm has ever yet produced, and one of the finest spot cars upon the market. His latest hobby is the racing of Bugattis, and, in order that Satan shall find no mischief for his hands in an odd moment of idleness, he has started to manufacture them over here. It is rumoured that the only sleep he ever gets is on the night trains from London to Manchester and back; and not so long ago he was talking of a

hardy spirits—anything but underproof—their trip, especially in winter. It will be most infernally uncomfortable if it be attempted, and all round an injudicious performance, which is very liable to set the hedge-hogs on the move again after road-hogs, and result in the trapping and fining of many innocent victims for mere technical infringement of a dead-letter regulation. Again, I do not believe it possible; and if it be possible or accomplished, it is, frankly, a reckless way in which to knock a little engine about. Certainly, it was never designed or intended for such speed work. To average forty miles an hour—which is what this proposition entails—means travelling at over sixty miles an hour most of the way, and taking risks at corners and cross-roads, and through villages and towns. Very few cars driven with moderate decency



THE MOTORIST'S FORM OF WINTER-SPORTING: A MOTOR-SLEIGH ON THE LARGE LAKE AT ST. MORITZ.

Photograph by T.P.A.





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### The Sale Season.

Of course, it's sale time, and every self-respecting woman who isn't already gloating over bargains acquired is thinking about those she means to buy before the January sales are over. Delay, of course, is always dangerous in such matters, so the best advice that can be given to waverers is to start right away and make the most of the time that remains. The week that's passed since the sales began has only served to confirm what appeared in *The Sketch* seven days ago—namely, that it's years and years since the present prices have been approached. February may see a rise. There's no necessity to elaborate the matter.

### Bargain Prices.

It's easy enough to talk about bargain prices, but now and again it happens that they apply to something for which we have no use. But is there any woman living who can't find a use for a new frock? Especially a frock that comes from Isobel, 4, Maddox Street, W., where, encouraged by the wonderful results of the July sale, this gifted artist is holding another during this month. The woman who comes here not only knows that her frock is the work of British hands, but may find—and this is the most striking feature of the transaction—it's the newest and latest comer, for Mme. Isobel doesn't believe in half-measures, either in regard to the London sale or to the one now going on at Harrogate, where, also, all models have been very considerably, not to say drastically, reduced in price.

### Original Designs.

A point to remember about the dresses at this establishment is that each one is designed by Mme. Isobel herself; and any lingering doubts you may have as to the merits of her creations as compared with Paris models will be dissipated by a glance at the gowns from 4, Maddox Street Boroughs sketches to-day.

### Furs.

Those who have put off buying furs until the sale will be reaping the reward of thrift. All the furs for which this house is justly famous, both as regards quality and workmanship, are down in price; and hats and suits, and, in fact, every model has shared the same fate. Never listen to the doubters who would damp your

"sale" enthusiasm. Take them to the house named above and realise once more that a convert is the most enthusiastic of all human beings.

**Harrods' Sale.** Harrods' winter sale is an event invariably awaited with eagerness as well as joyful anticipation.

It begins on January 9, and lasts for six days only, but those who intend to visit the great house in Brompton Road can lay their plans in advance by writing for the illustrated sale catalogue. Remnants, remember, will be half price on January 13.

**Some Details.** As to details, there is so much about which one might write that selection is no easy matter. If it is lingerie you are wanting, you can go a-shopping in that department confident that you'll return home the happy possessor of exactly what you've wanted for weeks, at a price that you'd never have imagined possible in your brightest dreams! Suppose you need a wrap, they are at Harrods in corded velveteen, pony cloth, and plush, at

prices that begin in the neighbourhood of £2.

### Furs and Frocks.

Furs, like frocks, have come under the influence of the blue pencil of sale time. Here is an example. A coat cape, a lovely Paris model, in beautiful selected chinchilla

squirrel lined with brocade, was 89 guineas; it is now 49 guineas! And 19 guineas is all that is asked for a coat in fine seal-dyed coney with a cosy roll collar. There are walking suits in soft cheviot serge for two guineas, the coat being half lined with silk. A delightful dance dress in georgette, with soft shaped bands of satin on the skirt, and finished at the waist with a really lovely spray of hand-made flowers, is 6½ guineas; and similar "bargains," well deserving the title, will be found in all departments.

### For a Month.

The winter sale at Woolland Brothers, in Knightsbridge, lasts from December 29 to January 28—a month, in fact; but that is no argument for putting off an immediate visit. Early shoppers get the

This evening gown is of sulphur-coloured charmeuse, and the chains of beads on the skirt are china of the same colour. Model from Isobel.

best that's going, and women appreciate to the full the distinctive charm of a Woolland creation. The gown department offers some wonderfully tempting dresses for evening, taffeta and velveteen models being priced as low as 4½ guineas, and alterations are undertaken at the most moderate figure. Knitted wool house frocks, finished with dainty hand embroidery, are 45s. 9d., and for 3 guineas you can become the owner of a coat frock in black or navy coating trimmed with silk braid.

### On the Lighter Side.

On the lighter side, so to speak, prices are so low that it is positively almost painful to pass many of the attractive et-ceteras that go such a long way towards helping a woman to show the world a good appearance. There are, for example, the hair ornaments and head-dress that, always attractive, seem doubly so at Woolland's. These are in leaves, or silver or gold, and are made in a variety of shapes. Stockings are always interesting, and some in spun silk with wide ribs, priced at 14s. 9d., decidedly call for further investigation. And think of silk stockings at 12s. 3d. a pair, and others with embroidered clocks at 16s. 11d.

(Continued overleaf.)



Isobel uses black brocade and flame-coloured georgette for an afternoon gown, and adds jet studs by way of decoration.



The fur is hobinsky, and Isobel builds the wrap with a cape effect at the back.



MAKES WORK THE PLEASURE  
IT SHOULD BE TO A HEALTHY MAN.



# INFLUENZA

**MR. DRAYCOT M. DELL, the well-known Novelist,** writes:—After a severe attack of Influenza which left me almost a nervous wreck, I resorted to a course of Phosferine and was surprised and gratified at the result. Almost at once I began to mend and after a week's course I felt a New Man. Not wishing to slip back, I continued taking Phosferine for another fortnight, and at the end of that time I was restored to that full measure of health that I usually enjoy. At the first sign of a cold or when stress of literary work begins to tell, I find that Phosferine wards off the threatened attack and makes work the pleasure that it should be to a healthy man.

Author of: "*Ibsen's Ghosts*," "*The Veiled Lady*," "*The Red Whirlwind*," "*Drake's Drum*," etc.

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P.P.S. 143

People always speak of the Welsbach-Kern in glowing terms

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(Continued.)

**Coats and Wraps.**

At Gooch's, coats and wraps of every description have undergone reductions that are literally startling. In this category come some tweed travelling coats reduced to 27s. 6d. each; and velour coats with dyed cone collars to tone can only be characterised as very cheap. One particularly useful wrap for day or evening wear, the copy of a French model, is in black crêpe marocain. The long sleeves are cuffed with mole cone, and the same fur appears on the collar of ruched silk lined with floral satin.

**Notes on Hair Specialties.**

Tortoiseshell combs, pins, and slides are the most popular form of hair ornament. Some women add wreaths and feathers, but many prefer merely to add something in tortoiseshell to a perfectly dressed head of hair, and there can be no question that this method gives the best results. So



*Tortoiseshell combs and slides and pins are always to be found in great variety at André Hugo's.*

it's interesting to know that André Hugo has the loveliest Spanish combs at 180, Sloane Street, S.W., the starting price being 2½ guineas; that slides to match begin at a guinea; and that four-prong combs cost 18s. 6d. each. The four and five-pronged pins with wide tops are most attractive, and fit very securely into one's hair, though those who prefer the ordinary two-pronged variety are also well catered for. Slides and combs with paste-encrusted surfaces and tops are a charming finish for the coiffure in the evening; and, as André Hugo keeps the shell in different shades, the blonde and the brunette can both reckon on getting the exact tone best suited to their hair.

**"Bobbed Victors."**

Besides tortoiseshell, André Hugo specialises in hair-work, and among his most becoming creations are "bobbed victors," specially intended for a smart morning coiffure. They are, in brief, a glorified form of side-curl, easily adjusted, and an absolute boon to the woman who is enduring the discomfort that attaches to the process of letting short hair grow. Transformations of all kinds, too, are amongst the good works achieved at 180, Sloane Street, where every woman can rely on getting the best possible advice on the care and treatment of her hair.

**Attractive Tea-Frocks.**

Attractive tea-frocks at very extra specially tempting prices are a feature of the winter sale now in progress at Harvey Nichols, in Knightsbridge. Here are one or two examples. A gown in silver or gold brocaded ninon-de-soie, cut with a long waist-line, with a belt of the material folded round the hips, price 10½ guineas during the month of January only. But if you can't afford that, what about a dress in painted ninon cut on chemise lines and held with a wide, soft sash of plain ninon in a brilliant

shade to tone with one of the colours in the design, and priced at £5 18s. 6d.? Evening gowns, too, at special sale prices are worth close attention. For 8½ guineas you can become the owner of an evening gown in heavy, best-quality georgette, with a floral design, the full skirt of which has a scalloped hem and is held by a folded belt into which the maker tucks a trail of lovely flowers.

**Hats for the Spring.**

And just one more note. On hats this time. Harvey Nichols have an inexpensive hat department on the ground floor, where one can get a spring hat for sale price. Tempting, isn't it? A straw model with a roll edge, and trimmed with a corded ribbon bow at the back, is 39s. 6d.; and a broad Napoleon model, in soft ruched satin, in black, nigger, or navy, at 49s. 6d. calls for closer acquaintance.

**No Time to Lose.**

The winter sale at Debenhams and Freebody's began on Jan. 2. It ends on Jan. 14, so that it is up to every woman who loves pretty things to lose no time in going along to Wigmore Street and securing for her own personal use some of the loveliness for which the house is noted.

**Everything Reduced.**

Everything is reduced, and it is obviously impossible to comment on all departments. But one or two typical examples of the kind of bargains to be obtained will be quite sufficient to convince the far-seeing woman of the wisdom of a personal visit. In the lingerie department are some lovely night-dresses in crêpe-de-Chine priced at 29s. 6d., chemise and knickers to match being 21s. 9d. each. These are hand-made. Or again, there are what are known as "cami-knicks," suitable alike for day or evening wear, in georgette, ninon, and crêpe-de-Chine, priced 21s. 9d. Those who prefer their "undies" to be of linen or lawn have only got to say. The beauty of shopping at Debenhams is that there is so much variety that every taste can be satisfied.

**Lovely Frocks.**

The coat-and-skirt department seems the most fascinating until one goes to inspect the tea-gowns. And knitted coats and jumpers, especially when they happen to be developed in lace alpaca and priced at 52s. 6d. (half the ordinary figure) are hard to resist. This figure does not represent the least that one must pay to become the owner of an attractive coat, for 10s. 6d. is the starting price. No further comment is necessary. As to suits, some in navy or nigger gabardine are available for £5 18s. 6d., and are ideal for spring wear. The same figure will make you the owner of a corduroy model; and 13½ guineas is all that stands between women and a number of French model suits reduced to the figure named from 21 guineas.

**Tea-Gowns.**

Tea-gowns and tea-frocks are lovely as they are varied and numerous. A tea-frock of crêpe-de-Chine with cascading draperies at the sides costs but 49s. 6d.; others at £4 9s. 6d. are even more fascinating, and the list might be continued indefinitely.

**Low, Lower, Lowest.**

"Drastic reductions" is a phrase that is capable of more than one interpretation. But at Gorrings, in Buckingham Palace Road, it means rock-bottom prices. It's years since 55s. has been sufficient to purchase a velour coat with a fur collar, or a suit in a smart man's suiting, with a graceful long coat, belted and provided with two pockets. But this is happening at Gorrings, where the sale that began on Jan. 2 will continue throughout the month; and the

fact that mohair coats (that wear "for ever," you know) are 7 guineas instead of 8½ guineas, that mohair plush ones are 8 guineas instead of the original 15 guineas, and that a fur coat in cone, with a beautiful collar and deep cuffs of moleskin, is now £29 instead of £65, helps to prove that bargains are not confined to any one department.

**For Youth.**

While youngsters are reveling in Christmas holidays, parents are thinking of school outfits, and here Gorrings can be of invaluable assistance. They are school-outfit specialists, any way, and at the moment the reduced prices will be more than welcome to parents whose children are going to school for the first time. Boys are well cared for. Think of camel-fleece dressing-gowns for boys from eight to seventeen years of age being available at 29s. 6d. each instead of the usual 42s. or 52s. 6d. There are boys' tweed Rugby preparatory suits at 42s. 6d. in what is known as double-term tweed; and overcoats that were £6 and £4 are now 59s. 6d.

**A Tea-Gown Note.**

In the rest-gown department half-price models make fatigue seem well worth while, and the famous "Ravissant" corset, Gorrings' specialty, is sharing in the general reduction, as also is lingerie, and in fact, everything, including house linen, for the House has no separate "White Sale." And note this: everything in the sale is the ordinary Gorrings stock and of Gorrings quality. No more need be said.

**Beauty for All.**

Not everyone can be a Venus, but the pity is that so many women forget, or omit to find out, that beauty of skin and complexion, if not of actual feature, can be had more or less for the asking. It doesn't take much experience of the world to know that merely classical perfection of features, unless allied with a good skin, won't stand its owner in half such good stead as a lovely complexion, no matter if it does go with a tip-tilted nose and a not too small mouth.

**Where to Get It.**

All of which leads up to the fact that Mrs. Eleanor Adair, of Ganesh House, 92, New Bond Street, London, W., will tell you how to preserve or improve such good



*Natural beauty can be improved, and even plain faces can look pretty, provided you set about things the right way—in other words, the Adair way.*

points as nature has bestowed upon you if you are in any danger of losing them either through sheer slackness or ignorance. For

(Continued overleaf.)